

1

9

5

7

THE

Hourglass



One more year
left! It's really
hard to believe next
it. Next year's social
service com. will be best
ever I'm sure! Good & luck
in your college plans. We will
miss you! Have a ball next year
want me! Hick and love
hance

Well, kinda how does
it FEEL to be a senior.
Much luck next year
on social service!
You're a real
sweetie.
Love,
Love



Have fun this
summer. I can hardly
wait until next year
when we'll be out.
Love & 'Rip'

What
a blast we have had
these years and next
year will be the
best of all.
Love,
"Howy Toad"

I'm so happy
that you are ahead
of Social Service next
year. The Best of luck
to you and to your class
as always. It's been such
fun being in school this yr.
and next year you'll be grad-
ing sixth class. Love & love o
my sister
Paula

We really
did a wonder
It's a loud au

"Oh, you'll do a great
 Service next year. Best
 always as a Senior and

Love,
Mathilde

We really have had a riot this year. You did a wonderful job as president of the class. It's a loud and sometimes maddening class, but you did a wonderful job ... you'll be great on Social Service and on council

next year!
Be good (won't do)
Luv,
Auzie

[illegible]

(Sorry I can't
draw circles.) Hope
you have as much
fun next yr. as the last
three. Lots of good luck
~~in~~ in Social Service
Comm. next yr.
Be good - see
ya round

→ Linda

I've enjoyed
having you in
my class.
It's a pleasure

The 1957 HOURGLASS



presented by
THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL
Rochester, New York

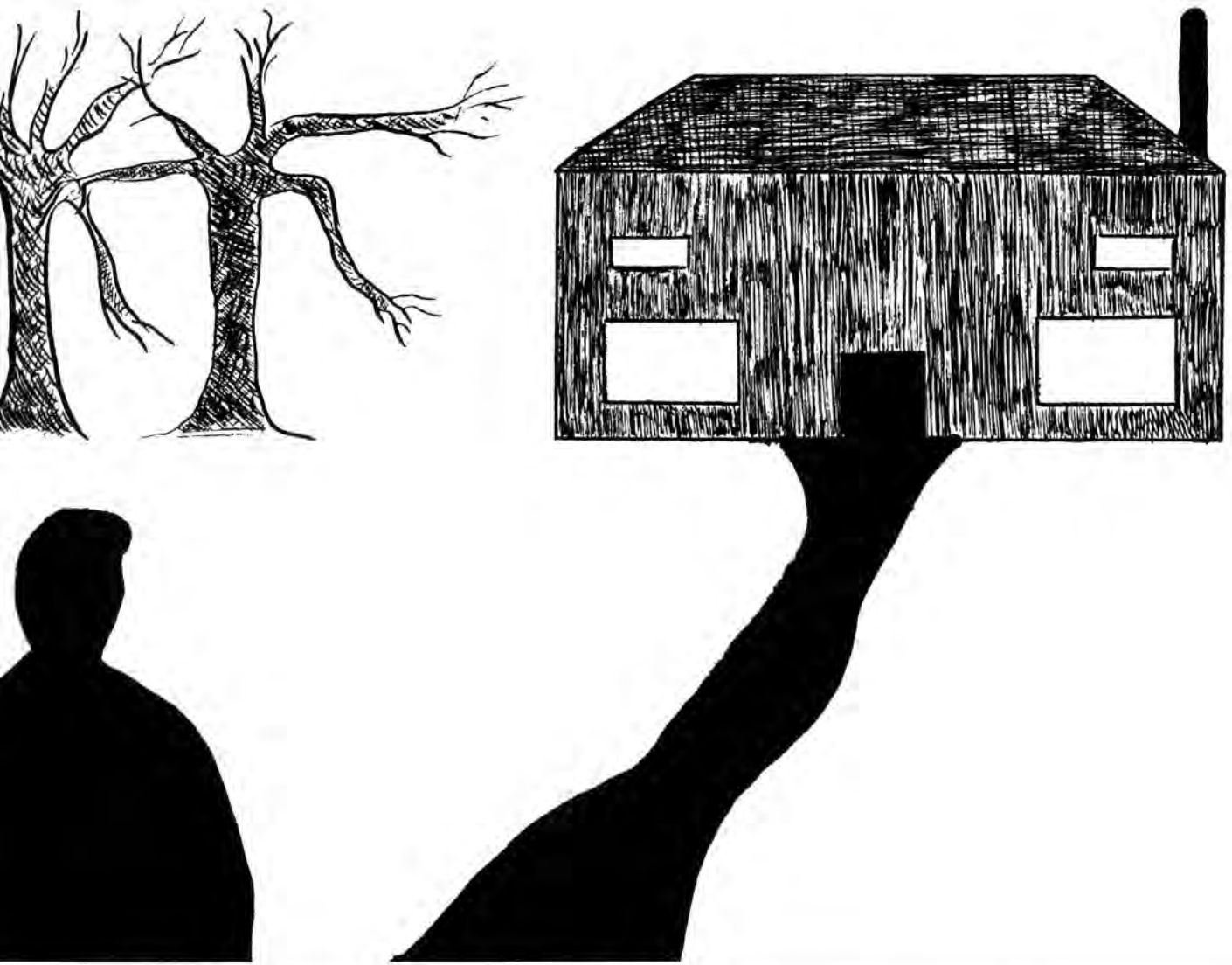
Volume 66

FOREWORD

In offering the 1957 *Hourglass*, the staff has departed from the usual format. We present the book in a style and order depicting our theme, "Growth and Service," two intangibles of the spirit of Columbia.

Our pages open with the tiny twigs, our Nursery Schoolers, and follow through years of growth and increasing service. They close with the class which, full grown in the Columbia spirit, will go forth to new worlds to the traditional strains of "Lead on, O King Eternal, the day of march has come."





DEDICATION

It was before Pearl Harbor, but Hitler's armies were already on the march. Franklin Roosevelt was elected the first third-term President of the United States. Cincinnati beat Detroit in the World Series, and Joe Louis was World Heavyweight Champion. Our parents were seventeen years younger, trim of figure, ebullient in spirit.

In that year, or close to it, to each of them was born a baby daughter. There follows a seventeen-year story of parents' sacrificing their own interests for their daughters', and giving them the benefits of a Columbia School education. With the exception of the date and the events, the story is the same for parents of the entire school, Nursery through the Senior class.

To all Parents of Columbia Girls, to express our heartfelt thank you for your continued love, guidance, and understanding, this *1957 Hourglass* is affectionately dedicated.

ADMINISTRATION



MRS. SIMPSON

As we at Columbia sing the words of our Alma Mater, "Spirit of Columbia," there flashes through our minds a thought inseparably woven into those words. "Fill our hearts with highest thoughts, guide us every day." As we echo these words, there is in our minds no nebulous vision of a far distant spirit.

To us the spirit of Columbia is a very real, very approachable, very warm human being. The "inspiration fine" of those who have graduated before us, of those who will graduate long after us, Mrs. Simpson will always be to us the spirit of Columbia.



MISS SKILLIN

Take one bit of protoplasm complete with all the elements of carelessness, thoughtlessness, and the undirected energy of youth. Bring into contact with an energizing agent; mix well together over a period of years. Result: a bit of protoplasm, less careless, more thoughtful, with its energy channeled into paths of a further pursuit of knowledge, and inspired with the eagerness to learn.

The amazing part of this experiment is that the energizing agent has not exhausted her capacity to take on another and another bit of raw material and continue to be the inspiration that starts countless girls out in the world, the better for having known Miss Skillin.

AND FACULTY

Mrs. Simpson, M.A. University of Chicago
Headmistress, Current History
 Miss Skillin, M.Ed. Boston University
Associate Headmistress, Science
 Miss Joan Burwash, Diploma Chelsea College
of Physical Education, London
Physical Education, Hygiene
 Mrs. Jean Campbell, B.S. Univ. of Rochester
English, Social Studies
 Miss Ada Carpenter, A.B. Smith
Latin
 Miss Sarah Clarke, A.A. Marjorie Webster Junior
Nursery School College
 Mrs. Anne Fett, A.B. Ohio State University
Grade 3
 Mr. Theodore Hollenbach, B.S. Houghton
Choral Music
 Mrs. Kathryn Jensen, B.S. Western Reserve
Lib. Sc., Librarian
 Mrs. Zelda Johnson, B.S. Syracuse
Dietitian
 Miss Maisie Littlefield, B.S. Univ. of Rochester
Nursery School
 Mrs. Margrett McFadden, M.A. Wellesley
Science, Social Studies
 Mr. Alfred Melenbacher, Jr., A.B. Syracuse School
Art of Fine Art
 Miss Helen Monroe, M.Ed. Boston University
Grade 2
 Miss Catherine Nevius, M.A. Columbia
Social Studies
 Mrs. Jane North, A.B. Vassar
Grade 4

Mrs. Laura Plass, Diploma in Teaching Auburn City Normal School
Mathematics
 Mrs. Margaret Schmitt, A.B. Bucknell
English, Latin, Social Studies
 Mrs. Ruth Starr, B.S. in Ed. Millersville State Teachers College
Grade 1
 Mrs. Marguerite Treman, Certificate Institution di
Junior School French Segur
 Miss Joan Twaddle, M.A. Wellesley
Latin, English
 Miss Olga Vuagniaux, Diploma Pedagogique
et Un Universitaire, Gymnase des Jeunes Filles de
la Ville de Lausanne
French
 Mrs. Martha Ward, B.S. University of Georgia
Science, Mathematics
 Mrs. Priscilla Weilepp, M.Ed. Teachers College,
Mathematics Winetka
 Miss Carolyn Weston, M.A. Columbia Teachers
Kindergarten College
 Miss Ruth Whitney, A.B. Middlebury
English
 Mrs. Ruby Harding, B.M. Eastman School
Secretary
 Mrs. Ruth Jager *Head of Residence*
 Mrs. Marion Jones Pupil, Martha Graham
Modern Dance
 Miss Elizabeth Stubbs, M.A. Columbia
Secretary

First Row: Miss Stubbs, Mrs. Schmitt, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Skillin, Miss Monroe, Miss Twaddle, Miss Nevius, Miss Burwash. *Second Row:* Mrs. North, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Ward, Miss Whitney, Mlle. Vuagniaux, Mrs. Treman, Mrs. Starr. *Third Row:* Miss Weston, Mrs. Fett, Mrs. McFadden, Mrs. Weilepp, Miss Littlefield, Miss Clarke. *Absent:* Mr. Melenbacher, Mr. Hollenbach. Mrs. Jensen. Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Jager, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Plass.

FACULTY MEMBERS



ALMA MATER

Spirit of Columbia,
Speak to us we pray;
Fill our hearts with highest thoughts;
Guide us every day.

Give to us a great desire,
Eagerness for truth,
Duty, work, simplicity,
Essence of fine youth.

Carry on with character—
That will be the test.
Down the years Columbia
Always seeks the best.

Spirit of Columbia,
Inspiration fine,
Grant us quality of thought,
Alma Mater mine.

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OUR
CLASSES



NURSERY SCHOOL

On slide: D. Ward, R. Vasile, T. Townson, S. Tomlinson, S. Snyder, K. Prior. *Standing:* A. Caine, G. Small, S. Sylvester, W. Van Brochlein, J. Anderson. *On sled:* J. Blume, J. Bolton. *Absent:* J. Rosenberg, S. Skinner.



KINDERGARTEN

First Row: M. Wesson, B. Siebert, L. Bleuve, E. Cupitt. *Second Row:* K. Stever, B. Pease. *Third Row:* M. Tutihasi, B. Remington, L. Sibley, C. Frederickson, A. Bohacket, J. Wilmot, C. Beale, D. Ciratt, K. Atkins, R. Howard. *Absent:* T. Hickok.



First Row: C. Townson, P. Trofton, R. Carlson, K. Bortin, J. Castle, W. Yates. Second Row: M. Neisner, A. Moses, W. Scully, L. Brockway, D. Bortin, C. Gioia, F. Fain, D. Bortin, H. Hickok, R. Tutihasi. Third Row: R. Drake, A. Marshak, R. Pease, S. Thornton, C. O'Connor. Absent: P. Zahrndt.

FIRST and SECOND GRADES



First Row: L. Pflanz, L. Prince, G. Gioia, J. Clark, D. Cook. Second Row: E. Wesson, M. Clark, M. Allison, E. Reveley, M. Wickins, S. Howard. Third Row: T. Hickok, J. Springer, L. Russling, M. Adams, S. Ernest, G. Meader, L. Townson, K. Beckett, J. Shaw. Fourth Row: S. Lockhart, D. Beach, S. Harris, C. Shantz, J. Willsea, H. Knox, L. Del Monaco, S. Hylan, L. Williams. Fifth Row: J. Yates, B. Verlaine, C. Lunt, M. Harris, J. Neville. Absent: L. Morley, L. Trafton.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL





*Onward little seabugs
Onward up the shore
Onward little seabugs
to tinkle, lalle, hee
Sue Ely*

First Row: E. Hughes, L. Swing, P. Devadutt, M. Jones. Second Row: S. Jackson, R. Deverian, E. Murphy, S. Ely, S. Strakosh, S. Boyink. Third Row: D. Macomber, M. Pierson, C. Clark, J. Clark, S. Hodges. Absent: J. Ogden, D. Tripp.

SEVENTH GRADE



EIGHTH GRADE

First Row: K. Burnham, S. Cook, L. Barnell, N. Castle, A. Dwyer, E. Hickman. Second Row: C. Morse, J. Nichols, K. Morse, C. Schmitt, G. Dunn, S. Fulreader, B. Morley, H. Neville. Third Row: A. Wickins, L. Gordon, C. Cobb, J. Harris, S. Green, R. Preu, D. Lunt, S. Hanford, S. McBride, W. Webber. Absent: A. Angle, V. Buck, E. Case, C. Cox.



First Row: C. Lockley, R. Faragher, J. Kirkland, M. Hunting, J. Cowles. *Second Row:* S. Nottingham, L. Ellingson, G. Stebbins, S. Allen, P. Lorbach. *Third Row:* C. Hyndman, C. Mercer, C. Johnson, S. Hudson, W. Johnson, S. Wiard. *Fourth Row:* J. Fisher, D. Werle, A. McCoy, S. Schumacher, S. Devadutt. *Fifth Row:* C. Gandy, M. Stewart, C. Castle, E. Farnham, C. Davis, E. Lyons, P. Schuchman. *Absent:* J. Trimble, K. Hellebush, P. Rowntree, J. VanNiel.

FRESHMEN

The addition of thirteen girls, including one from India, has not brought bad luck to the thirty-two members of the Freshman Class. They showed sportsmanship as well as originality in their comic strip costumes for the Hallowe'en party, and have joined in all phases of school activities—dramatics, athletics, cheer-leading, and social work—to take their place in the Upper School. After the added enjoyment of their first Christmas Formal and Lake Placid trip, they accepted their responsibility of presenting their Forum and Class Assembly.



CLASS OF 1960



First Row: H. Hudnut, M. Ark, A. Trainor, H. Wilson. *Second Row:* M. Saunders, F. Wilson, D. Dutcher, B. Swan. *Third Row:* S. Barrows, G. Brown, M. Bailey, J. Swan, B. Ogden, J. Cann. *Fourth Row:* S. Jones, M. Ernest, M. Atkins, K. Allen. *Fifth Row:* J. DeMartin, T. Adams, C. Gabel, S. Strine, F. Connor, M. Neisner. *Absent:* G. Broderson, C. Coker, J. Harding, B. Sanford.

SOPHOMORES CLASS OF 1959

Although divided into two home rooms, the Sophomores have been united in all activities. They successfully initiated the Freshmen, giving the entire Upper School an enjoyable Hallowe'en evening. More seriously, they presented an informative panel discussion on the merits of the two major political parties. As the year progressed, the class earned fame and fortune by their Bazaar and by their Class Assembly, in which they showed the correct form of parliamentary procedure. The year was climaxed by the May Breakfast.

The Juniors, although small in quantity, have shown they are large in quality and initiative. They soared over their goal in the magazine drive, promoted a paper drive for class funds, and displayed a diversity of talents in their skits for the Hallowe'en Party and Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet. Their representatives on the Safety Council aided them in presenting an educational and enjoyable Class Assembly. Along with acquiring a Southern accent, the Juniors have acquired the respect of the school.

JUNIORS CLASS OF 1958

First Row: M. Crofton, J. Rowe, A. St. John, A. Taylor. *Second Row:* E. Hanson, N. Youngman, K. Widing. *Third Row:* M. Todd, J. Weber, E. Messler, A. Parlow. *Fourth Row:* L. Greenberg, E. Weller, J. Favour, C. Dwyer, S. Nichols. *Absent:* L. Goldsmith.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

- 14—Student Council meets and plans
- 15—New Girls learn about Columbia customs
- 17—We help open the sixty-sixth year

OCTOBER

- 10—Field Day Phenomenon—no rain
- 31—Hilarious Freshmen make the comic strips

NOVEMBER

- 6—Underwear Day, no less, but we all wear uniforms
- 28—Middle School Puritans and Indians excellent, and that hound dog!

DECEMBER

- 17—Christmas concert again sets tone for Christmas season. What Lovely "Little Women!"
- 18—Winter Wonderland as we "Trip the Light Fantastic"
- 19—Some fun getting up early in vacation, eh, Freshmen?
- 21—Carols for the shut-ins

1956
1957



JANUARY

- 3—Problem: When is a New Year the same year?
- 12—SAT Tests come as predicted
- 16—Parents learn all about their adolescent daughters
- 22—Tennis, anyone?
- 24—Lake Placid—56 strong—and just as strong returning

FEBRUARY

- 6—Fearless Faculty flings the gauntlet
- 8—Stalwart Seniors pick up same
- 12—Seventh Grade handles Library fire

MARCH

- 16—College Boards again; will we ever make it?
- 22—A chance to relax

APRIL

- 8—We're almost there, and in summer skirts
- 26—Thought I'd never get a date for Spring Fling

MAY

- 17—Love those strawberries; Seniors really crowned
- 18—SAT Tests—Round I for the Juniors
- 30—Well, we meant to study; isn't that all right?

JUNE

- 3—Finals already?
- 6—"Lead On, O King Eternal"





ACTIVITIES

OF OUR YEAR



H. COHEN
President



Seated: J. Cockcroft, *Secretary*; J. Youngman, *Vice President*; Miss Skillin, *Adviser*; H. Cohen, *President*. *Second Row:* C. Dwyer, B. Pease, J. Ogden, L. Allen, J. Marsland. *Third Row:* J. Weber, L. Ringwood, J. Trimble, D. Werle, L. Swing, S. Fulreader. *Absent:* M. Atkins, C. Lockley, A. Wickins, H. Connor, J. Cann, P. Schuchman, K. Cox.

Two most important representative groups are these.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Promoting the welfare of the girls and solving the non-academic problems of the school are the duties of Helen Cohen, President of Student Council, and Council members. This year, as in the past, the Council, with representatives from each organization and class, has met on the first Monday of each month.

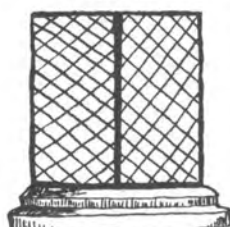
STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

An outstanding accomplishment of the Student Council, aided by the support of the Upper School Girls, is the Honor Study Hall. Proud of this unique system, the girls, under the leadership of Joan Youngman and her committee, are growing in responsibility by effectively assuming self-discipline in study hall.

First Row: R. Deverian, J. Youngman, *Chairman*; M. Jones, Mrs. Weilepp, *Adviser*; M. Crofton, P. Todd, K. Morse. *Second Row:* C. Clark, C. Davis, E. Messler, S. Jones, A. Taylor, M. Bailey, C. Gandy, R. Faragher, B. Swan, S. Cook, R. Connor. *Absent:* E. Case.



J. YOUNGMAN
President





First Row: H. Cohen, G. Stebbins, C. Gabel, S. Lennox, J. Rowe, A. Taylor, P. Newcomb, C. Hyndman. *Second Row:* J. Fisher, *Business Manager*; E. Brown, *Photography Editor*; P. Crofton, *Literary Editor*; S. Golemb, *Senior Editor*; A. Shepard, *Art Editor*, J. Marsland, *Editor-in-Chief*. *Third Row:* S. Ely, S. Allen, S. Strakosh, S. McBride, A. Parlow, N. Youngman, E. Hanson, J.

Fisher, E. Swan, E. Swing, Miss Whitney, *Adviser*; B. Pease, M. Jones. *Fourth Row:* S. Green, J. Harding, H. Hudnut, B. Sanford, L. Henry, H. Connor, S. Strine, J. DeMartin, H. Hellebush, C. Dwyer, M. Hunting. *Absent:* E. Farnham, J. Favour, M. Hodge, E. Case, N. Castle.

The 1957 HOURGLASS is evidence of our growth.

The Hourglass represents the combined efforts of the Editor, Business Manager, Literary Editor, Photography Editor, Art Editor, and their staffs, chosen from all Upper School classes. As the school year book, it is a record of the year. It helps to inspire creative writing, as well as providing experience in the handling of finances for those on the business staff, and sponsors the "Sanddrift," the school newspaper published four times a year.



J. MARSLAND
Editor-in-Chief



J. FISHER
Business Manager



S. GOLEMB
Senior Editor



E. BROWN
Photography Editor



H. ROYER
Sanddrift Editor



A. SHEPARD
Art Editor



M. CROFTON
Literary Editor



B. PEASE
Chairman



It is quite appropriate for me to be writing on this particular page - Best of luck to you and with your committee next year - you'll probably show me up - Love, Pease



First Row: K. Hellebush, B. Pease, *Chairman*; C. Schmitt, Miss Nevius, *Adviser*. Second Row: E. Hughes, J. Kingston, F. Wilson. Absent: L. Goldsmith.

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE

Social Service is an important project locally, nationally, and internationally. With the help of Betsy Pease, who is Chairman of the Social Service Committee, the entire school participated actively in this field giving both time and money. Besides each class having a money raising project, the committee sponsors sending cards to shut-ins, supplying needy families with Thanksgiving dinner, aiding two Indian schools and two adopted war orphans.

Many committees make work lighter

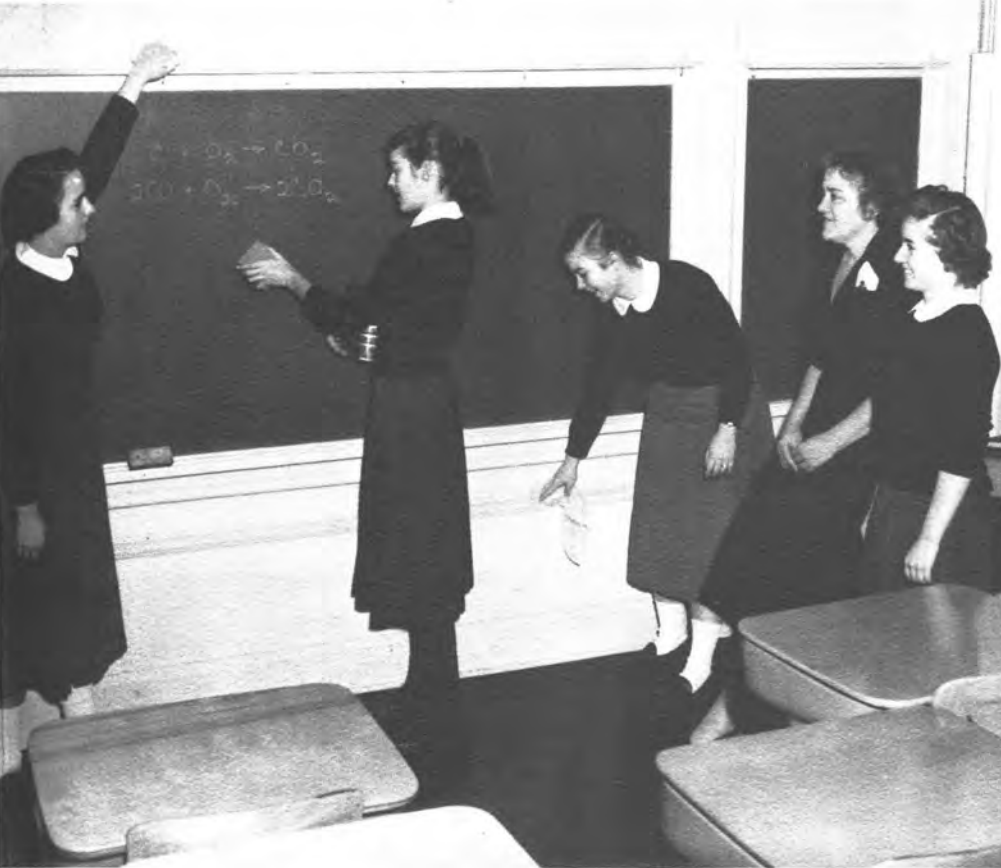


M. ALLEN
Chairman

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

The Athletic Association promotes worthwhile athletic activities, this year having a Field Day in the fall and spring, and posture contest. Each girl belongs either to The White or Blue team that play each other at the end of each seasonal sport. The girls have grown in sportsmanship under the direction of Lee Allen, who heads the group.

First Row: S. Wiard, P. Devadutt. Second Row: C. Morse, H. Royer, M. Allen, *Chairman*; S. Lennox. Third Row: N. Youngman, Miss Burwash, *Adviser*; H. Wilson.



L. RINGWOOD
Chairman

K. Widing, C. Hyndman, W. Geib, Miss Skillin, *Adviser*; Lynne Ringwood, *Chairman*. *Absent*: J. Harding, R. Preu, S. Boyink.

HOUSE COMMITTEE

Under the supervision of Lynne Ringwood, the House Committee has maintained the work

program that keeps the school neat and has supervised the lunch period when the classes alternate in waiting on tables. In doing these projects, the girls become more efficient and responsible and help Columbia run more smoothly.

and spread responsibility to many hands.



M. HUBERLIE
Chairman

ASSEMBLIES COMMITTEE

Mary Huberlie and her committee are responsible for the Friday morning assemblies that are entirely student managed. Outside speakers, worthwhile movies, and class assemblies make the Friday morning hour a valuable one.

Seated: J. Hudson, J. Clark, Mrs. Simpson, *Adviser*; M. Huberlie, *Chairman*. *Standing*: M. Stewart, J. Nichols, L. Greenberg. *Absent*: J. Swan.





J. Kirkland, A. Parlow, S. McBride, H. Hellebush, *Chairman*;
E. Gleason, D. Tripp. *Seated: Mrs. Jensen, Adviser. Absent:*
E. Ernest.



H. HELLEBUSH
Chairman

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Keeping the Library and Annex well organized for girls needing reference books and magazines is the task of the Library Committee, this year chaired by Hetty Hellebush. The girls collect the fines on any over-due books and use the money to buy more books for Columbia's ever-growing library.

Our interests range from books to clothes



M. WHITAKER
Chairman

DRESS COMMITTEE

The importance of neatness and good grooming as a necessity for maintaining a good appearance is stressed by the Dress Committee. This year Margery Whitaker has headed the group, ably assisted by girls from each of the classes.

Mlle. Vuagniaux, *Adviser*; P. Newcomb;
S. Hanford, E. Murphy, M. Ark, S. Schu-
macher, M. Whitaker, *Chairman. Ab-*
sent: E. Weller.





First Row: S. McCanne, *Chairman*; Mrs. Fett, *Adviser*; S. Golemb, S. Lennox, E. Gleason, B. Sanford, M. Allen, M. Huberlie. *Second Row:* A. Shepard, H. Royer, M. Hyndman, L. Henry, J. Marsland, K. Widing, C. Lockley, E. Hanson, J. Rowe, A. Taylor, L. Goldsmith, J. Youngman, N. Youngman, E. Weller, S. Jones. *Third Row:* M. Whitaker, W. Geib, E. Farnham, E. Brown, P. Newcomb, R. Connor, M. Crofton, J.

DeMartin, M. Todd, S. Nichols, B. Ogden. *Fourth Row:* L. Ellingson, A. Parlow, P. Schuchman, S. Hudson, M. Hunting, H. Hellebush, C. Cooley, J. Cowles, C. Dwyer, W. Johnson, E. Messler, S. Devadutt, J. Webber. *Absent:* M. Bailey, J. Cann, J. Favour, M. Hodge, P. Todd, L. Greenberg, M. Ernest, J. Hudson, J. Harding, C. Davis, A. St. John, J. Kingston, C. Johnson, J. Fisher.

to the many phases of dramatics and the theatre.



LITTLE WOMEN



H. M. S. PINAFORE

DRAMATICS CLUB

This year the Dramatic Club, with Sue McCanne as President, has met the first Tuesday of the month when girls have read plays for the entire group to criticize. The annual Christmas production was the Christmas scene from Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* with Patty Newcomb, Jo-Ann Weber, Sara Schumacher, Sue Lennox, Eleonore Hanson, Eleanor Messler, Jane Fisher, and Barbara Pease in the cast. The girls who have not been in the plays nor in the readings have learned stage management and direction by being on various committees that made the productions possible. The plays, the readings, the unsung, unseen backstage work have all helped to make the year an enjoyable and profitable one for the entire club.



S. McCANNE
Chairman



J. CANN
Chairman



*First Row: Mrs. Fisher, Adviser; M. Todd, M. Pierson, L. Barnell, J. Fisher.
Second Row: J. Cann, Chairman; M. Neisner, C. Cooley.*

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Every Columbia girl sings, and every grade in the Upper School has a member on the Music Committee. Among the many duties that they

have are distributing music for Assemblies and during the music period, and leading the grace at lunch time. Judy Cann heads the committee this year.

**Small groups but large
in their importance.**

STUDENT AIDES

These silent workers, the Student aides, help Columbia operate smoothly. The bell ringer keeps classes moving systematically, while the Chairman of the Christmas Dance boosts the social life and also the treasury of the Social Service group, since the proceeds go to them. Equally important are the flag raisers, the newspaper Editor, the Keeper of the Activities book, and the Master Treasurer.

First Row: M. Huberlie, Chairman Christmas Dance; M. Hyndman, Master Treasurer; H. Royer, Editor Sanddrift. Second Row: A. Taylor, Bell Ringer; S. Nichols Assistant Bell Ringer; M. Todd, Keeper of Pound; D. Dutcher, Assistant Keeper of Pound; L. Henry, Keeper of Pupils' Activities Book; C. Lockley, Flag Raiser; M. Hunting, Flag Raiser.





Tea Time



Just Playing

OUR CANDID LIFE



Aplatissez vos cartons



Now you have Jazz



Northwood boys—HERE?



Mrs. Demosthenes



Outside Reading



Science is fun.



Another white recruit



Just being checked.

*Dagstead Bumwood
and family*

A Dogpatch Daisy





OUR LITERARY
SECTION

LITERATURE

Puppy Dogs

I play with a ball,
Puppy dogs and all.
I forgot to remind
The puppy dog behind
Not to step on the ball
Or he'd have a fall.
What a shame
To end up lame.

Brenda Verlaine, Grade 4



Fuzzy

Once upon a time there lived a little kitty. This little kitty's name was Fuzzy. Fuzzy lived with a little girl named Sally Highpockets. Fuzzy loved Sally very much, but sometimes he was a naughty kitty. Like the time when—oh dear, I had better wait and tell you in the story.

Well, one day Fuzzy went out to play. He couldn't find Sally. He looked and looked again but he couldn't find her. He went back to the house and climbed through the living room window. He searched for Mrs. and Mr. Highpockets but he couldn't find them either. As he was going back to the living room window, kerplunk! He turned around to see he had tripped over a ball of yarn that Mrs. Highpockets had left around. Fuzzy decided he wanted to play with it. He went around and around, over and under in the ball of yarn which was now all over the floor. He decided he wanted to go out, so he tried to get out of the mass of yarn. He couldn't. He tried and tried again but he got even more tangled.

All of a sudden he heard a sharp voice say, "Fuzzy Highpockets! you naughty kitty."

It was Sally. She had gone to the store with her parents. She couldn't find Fuzzy; so they went without him. When she came home she found Fuzzy tangled in the yarn. Fuzzy was punished and put to bed without any milk. As I said before, Fuzzy could be bad but he could be very good too.

Susan Howard, Grade 5

Dinky, the Duck

Once there was a duckling named Dinky. He was a very ordinary duck except that he didn't like

the water. He always refused to go into the water. One day he refused for the last time. Dinky's grandfather was trying to persuade him to enter the pond.

All of a sudden there was water, water, every where. His grandfather had pushed him into the pond. He splashed around for a while. All of a sudden he was floating! He was very surprised that he could swim. "Oh, this is so much fun!" he said. He swam and swam. He swam all day. He was the proudest duck in the world.

The next day he went to see his friend, Chickadee. Dinky told Chickadee about how much fun it was to swim. Dinky was trying to persuade the Chickadee to try to swim. He thought of how he had learned to swim. His grandfather had pushed him in, so he felt it his duty to push Chickadee into the water. Sure enough, Dinky pushed poor Chickadee into the pond. Chickadee splashed helplessly in the water for a long time. Finally Dinky's father came and saved the bedraggled chick.

Dinky couldn't understand why Chickadee couldn't swim. Dinky's father explained to him that some animals can't swim and that he should never push them in. Dinky didn't exactly understand why Chickadee couldn't swim, but he promised he would never push anyone into the water again.

Mary Alice Wickins, Grade 5

Mr. and Mrs. Snowman

One day it snowed and snowed in a village called Warsaw. The snow covered everything with a deep white blanket.

The children were happy. They came out to make a snowman.

First they made a big, big round ball. Then they made a big ball. They put this ball on top of the big, big ball. Then they made a small ball. They put it on the big ball which was on top of the big, big ball. They got two pieces of coal for the eyes, one carrot for the nose, one old hat for the head, and three buttons.

One boy said, "Tomorrow we can make the wife." Next morning they made the wife.

The children played around them and they went to bed.

Next morning when the children came out, Mr. and Mrs. Snowman had gone. In their place was a puddle of dirty water.

Mary Allison, Grade 5

Pucky

There is a little elf,
Behind my bedroom door.
He lives on a shelf,
'Cause he doesn't like the floor!

Pucky is his name,
And he's six inches small;
You know, for an elf,
That's really very tall!

He helps me make my bed,
Sitting on my hand;
His coat's made of red,
His hat the color of sand.

Even if you try,
You can't see him yourself;
I'm the only one that plays
With Pucky, my little elf.

Jean Neville, Grade 6



Tomte

"Oh, Mommy, he is cute," said Jack, his voice full of gratitude. He was sitting up in bed with the little black dog licking his face. It was Jack's birthday and his mother was happy to see him smiling. Since the auto accident that had killed his father and left him crippled, Jack had hardly smiled at all.

"Thank you ever so much," said Jack. "What shall I call him? I know, I'll call him Tomte."

"That fits him perfectly," agreed his mother.

Jack and Tomte became very good friends. Tomte was a smart little dog and Jack delighted in teaching him tricks. Often he would tell Tomte to stay, then quickly he would wheel his wheelchair into a hiding place. Tomte would run around trying to find him. When he did, he would jump up into Jack's lap and lick him and wag his little tail.

Jack's ambition was to be able to walk again some day. He enjoyed watching baseball and other sports on television, but most of all he wanted to join in these sports with his friends. The doctors realized his will and gave him exercises to work on. Jack dutifully performed these and soon was able to move his legs a little, but when he tried to walk he got no where. However he wouldn't give up.

While he did his exercises each day, Tomte would sit and watch him. As soon as the exercises were over, Jack and he would play. Tomte learned many tricks and soon the nice weather began to come.

Jack's mother would take him on long walks while little Tomte trotted beside his wheelchair. The one bad thing that Tomte did was to chase cars. Often he got away with narrow escapes from being run over.

One day after breakfast, on a beautiful day in early June, Jack's mother wheeled him out onto

the lawn and then returned to the house to wash the breakfast dishes.

"Come here, Tomte," urged Jack. The little dog ran over and jumped into Jack's lap.

"I'm going to break you of that habit of chasing cars," said Jack warningly to Tomte.

Just then a truck came down the road. Before Jack could stop him, Tomte leaped off his lap and headed for the truck.

"Tomte! Tomte! Come back!" cried Jack. The little dog usually so obedient paid no attention to Jack's calls. Jack could see that Tomte would not be able to avoid being crushed under the wheels of the truck. Jack flung himself forward out of his wheelchair and half stumbled and half ran across the lawn calling, "Tomte! No, no!"

The urgency in Jack's voice made Tomte turn around and away from the truck. Jack, seeing that Tomte was now safe, fell face forward into the grass, all his strength gone. Tomte ran to him realizing something strange had happened, for he had never seen Jack when he wasn't in bed or in his wheelchair.

"What happened?" asked Jack feebly.

"It's all right, dear," replied his mother. "You walked," she added with a strange light shining in her eyes.

After that day Jack improved rapidly and the doctors now agreed he would get well. Soon Jack was able to walk with braces and crutches, then without even them. He said he felt like a full-fledged human being again. He practiced all the sports he had always yearned to know. When he was older, Jack enrolled in a good college and found he was an excellent student. Everyone liked Jack, perhaps because he had learned how to face up to hardship and overcome it. When he graduated from college his dreams came true. He joined a baseball club and was elected rookie of the year.

Jack went on to greater fame in baseball. But what happened to Tomte, the little dog that played such an important role in Jack's life? Tomte lived to a ripe old age, and the companionship between the two never died. Jack's mother and Tomte often visited the ball park and watched Jack play. Even now that Jack has retired he will never forget what he owes Tomte. As he watches his children playing with Tomte's sons, he is happy for his little friend and playmate and forever grateful.

Jean Ogden, Grade 7



Hit of the Party

Sharon hurried into the kitchen to see if the food preparations were going smoothly. Then, she checked with the decorations chairman, her father, to see if the crepe paper was holding out. This was going to be her first big party and she wanted everything perfect. She had invited Bill for her date. She had met him at the beach that summer. What had promised to be a dull vacation had turn-

ed out to be a whirlwind of fun. Bill's sandy crew-cut and laughing blue eyes were everywhere in her memories of the summer, and now, he was coming to her party.

After making a last check of all the preparations, Sharon went upstairs to dress. Her auburn page boy shone as did her eyes as she slipped into the misty, mint gown. The tightly fitting bodice and chiffon-like skirt made her feel light and airy. The doorbell rang just as she was stepping into the matching satin pumps. She heard her father greet Bill and then, Bill's easy drawl came floating up to her. She ran downstairs to welcome him.

The party was going just the way Sharon wanted it to. Bill had been accepted immediately by the gang, and she and he were the center of attention. Some of the couples were dancing, others just talking. Suddenly everyone was quiet and all eyes turned toward the threshold. Standing there surveying the guests was a boy. He had been in town for a year and a half, but he still didn't belong in their gang. In a matter of minutes all attention was shifted to him. He was dressed very casually, compared with the other boys, but no one seemed to mind. They were enchanted by his chatter and antics.

"Oh, no!" thought Sharon. "Why did he have to crash this party?"

Secretly she thought he was the cutest boy in the room, but she was angry at him for stealing the spotlight from Bill and her. Even Bill paid more attention to the new boy than to Sharon. Suddenly it was all over. Sharon's mother walked into the room and soon the new boy was toddling off to bed with his hand in his mother's. In his blue nightie-nites Sharon's one and a half year old brother had been the hit of the party.

Ann Wickins, Grade 8



House of the Past

It was on the remote part of Elm Street where the old house stood. It had been there for over one hundred years, watching the highway of life pass by. Once happy and busy people had bustled about its surroundings, but now it stood empty and forlorn. The house could not understand why people no longer wished to live behind his old, stately doors. He did not realize that in this day and age most people would not be able to restore or keep up such living quarters and grounds as his. They wanted smaller, more modern homes.

Many times he would think back to the days when the stable was full of harness hackneys, thoroughbreds, ponies, and fine hunting hounds; when the carriage house had been full of polished rigs and surries; and well-oiled harness had hung in neat rows in the tack room; when his well-mowed lawns had been as thick as deep carpeting of a rich emerald green; when the interior was well-painted and the thick oaken doors and mahogany paneling

were rubbed to high sheen every week; when the delicious odors of many foods floated through the hallways; and the merry voices of people having good times rippled from the ballrooms.

Now, the lawns had grown long and weedy, and the well-worn cobblestone driveways echoed only faintly the sounds of spoked wheels and iron-shod hooves. The plaster in his rooms was cracked, and the oak and mahogany were warping. The stable was musty-smelling and cobwebby, and the once beautiful gardens and pond had long gone to ruin. The wild ivy, once kept pruned, now choked the domestic plants and shrubs and was slowly creeping up his gray-white walls.

As the old house thought of past decades, he longed to hear his rooms hum with busy people again, but knew now that this could never be. Thus, he longed to be eternally still.

All at once a burning tremor shook his main supports. Fear of an unknown enemy gripped his mind. Then he realized he was being faced by his most terrorizing foe — fire! It sped through his interior as if chased by the very devil himself. Every object in its path was destroyed, and the horror of it was here was his chance to subside from life and join his own kind, but in a violent and hideous way. The fire burned out his spirit and singed his very soul, leaving only the charred and smoking remains of a past way of life.

Carla Hyndman, Grade 9

Favorite Excuses

An excuse is really a very common thing. It is only natural that when you have done something wrong you should try to condone your act by pardoning yourself. To be able to think of a good excuse on the spur of the moment is as much an art as playing the piano. Time and practice are needed to master this art. An excuse, to be properly executed, must come in a soft voice and be composed of straightforward sentences containing as many ideas as needed.

As there are pieces in music that are old standbys, there are also favorite excuses that are used over and over. When you don't want to make your bed, you say, "I don't have time, for if I do I'll be late for school." Of course on days when you are late you can always say, "The bus was late," "The car got stuck," or, "The alarm clock didn't go off on time." Included on the top of the list of favorite excuses are those pertaining to incompleting homework such as, "I meant to do it, but last night I forgot to take the book home"; "I remembered the book, but I left the written work home on my desk," or "I went to a play last night so I just didn't have time to do it."

These are only excuses of teenagers. Our parents and teachers, who made them when they were that age, are very familiar with them. On the other hand, there is no doubt that adults find excuses a handy remedy for all their mistakes and shortcomings too.

All over the world people seem to find it difficult to say, "I was wrong." A wife gives an excuse to her husband for a bent fender or for not completing a job he had asked her to do. A little boy gives an excuse for the empty cookie jar and a husband for being late to dinner. Sometimes, of course, there is a real and valid reason for mistakes, but the favorite and overworked excuses we hear around us every day are easy to spot and, I am afraid, easier still to use.

Sara Schumacher, Grade 9



Echoes

We climbed the mountain hand in hand,
And breathless, looked upon the world from our
great height —
At the lakes, blue, shimmering in the sun;
At the mist of early morning, cloaking the distant
mountains;
At the sun, dappling the flaming leaves.
We laughed to hear our own laughter,
And laughed again at the merry echoes,
Echoes with an overtone of sadness.

Tracey Adams, Grade 10

How to Ask a Boy to the Christmas Dance

Getting off the bus on the way home from school, you decide you absolutely must get a date for the Christmas Dance. You've decided on Dick Browning, who is tall, broad shouldered, and an excellent dancer. You picture him smiling down at you in the blue light of the dance floor, the other couples swirling around you and the orchestra playing dreamy music in the background. You certainly hope he can go. Your heart skips a beat. What if he can't? What if he doesn't want to go? But you determinedly push these thoughts from your mind.

At the dinner table that evening your mother says sweetly, "Dear, have you asked someone to the dance yet?"

"You know I haven't."

"I think you'd better tonight. If you don't, everyone will be asked."

You feel a little exasperated, knowing what she says is true. "All right, Mother. I'd already planned to."

"Um, whom do you plan to ask?"

"Dick Browning."

"Who? I've never heard of him."

"You know, Dick Browning. He goes to our church."

"Oh, yes, the name sounds familiar, now that you mention it. I think I know his mother. Do you know Dick well?"

"Not too well, but I'd like to."

"Dear, don't you think you ought to invite someone you know better, like James Crain?"

"Jimmy Crain! Honestly, Mother! He has pimples and big ears and he's no taller than I

am! I want to go with Dick. It's not as if I hardly know him. He has a wonderful personality and I'd have an awfully good time if I went with him."

"Well, of course, dear. It's just that Edna Crain wishes James would go out more often and..."

"But I want to go so badly with Dick."

"All right, but you'd better call him tonight."

You have that exasperated feeling again. You know that you must call him, but you don't want someone to keep reminding you!

At ten minutes after eight, you sadly discover that your homework is done and there is nothing else to do except to call Dick.

You slowly walk into your parents' bedroom, sit on the edge of the bed, and pick up the phone book. "How I hate to phone boys," you think.

Unfortunately, Browning is very easy to find. You know his father's name is David. As you skim down the Brownings you see no Davids. Whew! You quickly slam it shut! No David Browning. It isn't listed!

But your conscience bothers you. You know his phone is listed. Could it have been that you just didn't notice the name? So you look again. There it is: "David S. Browning, 3172 Lookout Dr., Gr. 3-5833." You stare at it for a moment, then scribble it on a piece of paper.

About now you begin feeling a few qualms. You stare at the phone and the surroundings, as if waiting for an interruption. "I've just got to call him," you think, but you can't bring yourself actually to lift the receiver. "What shall I say?" you wonder, thinking of various ways:

"Hello, Dick, this is Ginny. On December 18 our school is —." No, try another way.

"Hello, Dick? Ginny. Would you like to go with me to our school formal on —." No, not that either. Oh well, whatever you plan to say, once you talk to him you won't say it. You sigh and pick up the receiver.

Somebody is on the line. Good! Maybe they'll talk all night and then you won't possibly be able to call him. Tomorrow night you'll call him for sure.

But, too bad; the people on the line are just saying goodbye. You hang up, pause, and lift the receiver again. The dial tone. No escape! You dial his number and wait hopefully for the busy signal, but it rings instead.

"Hello?"

From the voice, you suppose it's Dick's younger sister.

"Hello," you say, amazed at the sureness and calmness you are feeling. "Is Dick there, please?" You hear music blaring loudly in the background.

"Yup."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yup. Just a minute." You hear her put down the receiver and yell, "Dickie-e-e. A girl wants to talk to you. A girl, Dick. How come a girl's calling you?"

"How should I know?" you hear Dick answer. "Hello?"

"Hello, Dick. This is Ginny."

"Oh, hi, Ginny. How are you? Just a minute while I turn down the radio." A long pause. "O.K. I'm back."

"Dick, our school is having its Christmas formal on December 18, and I wonder if you'd like to go with me?"

"Sure, I'd love to," he says enthusiastically. "I was hoping you'd ask me. What time?"

"The dance is from nine to twelve but we'll have dinner before, so we'll have to leave about seven o'clock. I'm glad you can go."

"Fine. I'm almost certain I can get the car. Oh, I almost forgot. What color dress?"

"White."

"Yeah, thanks a lot, Ginny. I'll see you then. Bye."

"Bye, Dick," you murmur softly, and hang up, great relief surging through you. It wasn't so hard after all. In fact, it was almost easy. You flop down on the bed, picturing Dick smiling down at you in the blue light of the dance floor.

Julie Harding, Grade 10

And yet, when I awoke this morning, I felt no different from the way I have always felt early in the morning. Realizing I was sixteen, I ran to the mirror; I hadn't changed—even my ugly freckles were still there, seemingly laughing at me! My conversation with my best friend was of the usual nature . . . full of giggles and chatter. The same older group of boys and girls was in the soda fountain today, and I still felt strange and uncomfortable as I tried to engage in a friendly conversation with them. In fact, the day's routine was so like every other day's that I completely forgot to get my driver's permit! Much to my amazement, riding my horse provided the usual amount of enjoyment!

Being sixteen doesn't make such drastic changes in a girl as I had expected. I neither look nor act differently, but I really enjoy the feeling of being sixteen!

Kathryn Allen, Grade 10

Sixteen—A Wonderful Age

All my life I had looked forward to my sixteenth birthday. I had anticipated sixteen as a stepping stone from adolescence to adulthood.

When I was younger I said such things as, "I don't think I will continue riding my horse when I am sixteen." I was prepared to give up my hobbies and interests and begin life again, a new and different life.

Sixteen, in my mind, meant dates, soda fountains, cars, college week ends, independence, and actually, just plain fun. Once I had become sixteen my dates would be more numerous. I would be asked to college week ends, and there would be no need for an early curfew. I had always associated sixteen with the soda fountain gang. When I became sixteen, I could walk into the local soda fountain without feeling self-conscious and mix freely with the older group of teenagers, whom I admired so much. I had planned to get my driver's permit on my birthday and spend the majority of the following days driving. As soon as I could pass the driver's test, I would be able to use the family car very frequently and I would, therefore, become more independent. I would no longer ask my mother to give me a ride down town or to my friend's house. All I would have to do would be to get into the car.

The most amazing anticipation of all was believing that the age of sixteen would make me sophisticated and glamorous. The childish freckles on my nose would vanish like the afternoon sun in a rosy, western sky. My straight hair would acquire a wave, like magic. My constant giggles and adolescent loquaciousness would leave me forever.

What Is a Dog?

Dogs are wonderful to have around the house,
One always knows that they are present.
A dog may be found in several places:
On the best satin bedspread,
Licking his chops
After eating the family's meal;
Barking on the front doorsteps;
And more often than not,
Under one's feet,
Since the majority of dogs have three speeds,
Fast, slow, and stop—the first usually omitted.
Most dogs are burglar resistant, but
Their reasoning is different from humans'.
A dog will bark when the neighbors—
Six houses away—are visited.
But people coming to his house
Must be friends. Why bark?
A dog owner has the luxury
Of his morning paper brought to him.
But dogs find the newspaper
A wonderful mat on which to lie,
Hence the never legible journal.
A dog has an amazing appetite
Consisting mostly of left-overs,
A piece of floor linoleum,
Followed by the mailman's hand.
He has a most convincing way to register
Disgust or pleasure with company by
A rare combination of growls and purrs.
He goes to Dad or Mother when hurt
Or, *bien entendu*, when hungry.
Yet he finds his glamor and fun
In the beloved children of the family.
When anyone wishes to go outside, *le chien aussi*,

Then when the door is next opened — in goes he.
This is a never ending performance.
In order to go outside, when no one is around,
The dog sits in the hall and commences to bark.
In order to get inside, he scratches the paint
From the doors, and breathes over clean windows.
When the door is opened for him in the summer,
Being the gentleman, he lets all the flies in before
him.

And then in the winter, before entering the house,
He sees that all the outside is well heated.
It is necessary for a dog to keep cool in summer.
He does this by digging a hole
In the middle of a prize clump of flowers,
Or near the front door,
Where all who wish may speculate upon it.
This dirt is lovely on the rugs.
To keep warm in the winter
The dog sits on a register, but
At dinner time the most natural place
Is in front of the kitchen stove;
A dog must be kept in his desired climate.
Besides all his bad points,
A dog is a necessary evil.

Anne Parlow, Grade 11

I Like My School

"I like my school." It was a casual remark and had been received as such by the listener. The thought would have placed itself and rested as so many spoken words, had it not been for the challenging word, "Why?" At first I was confused, but all at once I was glad of the necessity of putting my feelings into words. I waited to answer. Then I realized that, while examining each picture in my mind, interspersed with my feelings about them, it took time to undo each one to evaluate its meaning—rather like pulling a jigsaw puzzle apart to replace it in the box. I had my picture, but what were the constituents to cause it? I began to dig deeper than I ever thought I would, and I felt an excitement analyzing this puzzle. Why do I like my school?

I think the main reason is the school spirit that prevails. School spirit to me is the blend of individual heart-felt willingness to cooperate with each fellow student and the reaction of this co-operation. With this feeling one gains a growing respect for her fellow students, as well as for her instructors.

At Columbia, I believe, there is this sense of school spirit and unity among the girls. In our general studies, we work diligently and responsibly. Everyone in Columbia knows that she is here for an education, and each individual works to her fullest to complete what is asked of her.

Almost every girl welcomes the opportunity to serve on a committee during the year. We work energetically to complete our tasks and gain great satisfaction when they are finished, knowing that everyone in the school is benefiting by our work.

Everyone is together as a group during chorus rehearsals. Here, each girl is working toward one common goal—to display her best singing at a concert. Each girl, whether she may realize it or not, is then working with school spirit to promote our school in the eyes of all who may come to hear us. I know that the tendency sometimes is to be lackadaisical during this class; but if everyone could only understand clearly what spirit of this kind can do for her, I know we would all work that much harder.

Under the able assistance of our Athletic Association as well as our faculty advisers, the progress of our sports program has been made better every year. This is a place where we cannot do without school spirit. Each girl, because she belongs to one of two intramural teams, works to promote that team in everything they do. The gymnasium is one place where good leadership and good sportsmanship can be shown, as well as good school spirit.

One of the outstanding accomplishments of the Columbia School is the honor study hall. I know that everyone in the school is proud of this unique system. We all are growing in reliability when we undertake the task of keeping a good study hall.

Because the school is run by the student government, it enables each girl to share the responsibility of aiding in this big undertaking. We are all rewarded by the gratification of a job well done.

Our cheerleaders also add much spirit to the school. Cheering for our "brother school" can be fun as well as rewarding. Seeing our cheerleaders, whether it is on the football field or the basketball court, and knowing what a wonderful job they are doing, makes one realize what a good thing having this feeling is. The girls and boys who come to aid in cheering their team also share in this group participation. We know that without our support there would be very little use in having cheerleaders. This feeling of energetic participation is most evident in the faces and cheers of these people.

All the extra-curricular activities at Columbia are carried through with the utmost school spirit. All dances and plays are organized and executed with enthusiasm equal to each girl's greatest capacity.

School spirit is fun. Having fun and gaining something from it is life. By the time each girl graduates from Columbia, she should have this spirit that is so characteristic of our school. If she does, she will carry it on throughout her life and be a wonderful person because she has it.

Ann Taylor, Grade 11

Thoughts

My day began sunny and bright, just as any other summer's morning. The sun was already high in the sky, for I liked to sleep late on those carefree days. After having a light breakfast — lunch wasn't far off — I went to the mailbox to see if the mail had arrived, whistling or humming all the way, just as the mood struck me. My dog always accompanied me on these small journeys because she enjoyed romping and playing in the fields; and furthermore, I loved having her along.

The day progressed with swimming, reading, and household chores. After a trip to the local store to buy some gasoline for my little motor boat, I took a jaunt down the lake to see a friend. We listened to records, talked over the latest news, and then went swimming. The lake was cool and refreshing and it felt good after the hot sun. When we tired of sunning ourselves, we returned to her cottage and shortly afterward I went home.

As I said, the day was like any other day. Then, something happened to upset it. It was such a trivial matter that I don't remember exactly what it was, but at the time it was the most important thing on earth. My whole, happy world caved in, and I was left with a feeling of disillusionment and disappointment. I went about feeling sorry for myself and wondering why life was so full of bewilderments.

After dinner I tried walking away my cares, but the walk didn't help . . . I still felt dejected. It became quite late and since everybody else had gone upstairs, I decided to sit on the beach and just think. I often liked to think by myself, but the more I thought, the more I realized that I was not alone. My dog was lying peacefully beside me. The small glimmers of light from across the lake said that people were inside. I could hear from the distance the laughing and chattering of people enjoying themselves. The stars in the sky told me just how minute and insignificant I was. I was just one out of millions of people on this planet, Earth, and Earth was just one of a thousand planets. But the most important realization was that I felt His presence. Through the beauty of the hills, lake, and sky, He made me aware of how fortunate I was. I began to count my blessings—that I lived in the United States in a happy home, that I had a wonderful and loving family, that I had many friends, that I had enough clothes and food every day of the month and every month of the year.

With all these inspiring thoughts my little troubles seemed to melt away as a feeling of calmness surrounded me. I was at peace with the world, especially my own private world.

Peggy Crofton, Grade 11

I Speak For Student Government

I speak for student government,
The control and regulation of student affairs
By the students themselves; the right
Of every girl to her own opinion.
Just as this nation was founded
On the principles of government
Of the people,
By the people,
For the people,
So must student government be based
On principles of student participation and
responsibility.
Each student has her own tools,
Self-made, with which to work—
Responsibility,
Integrity,
The building blocks of men and nations.
Responsibility is the utilizing
Of rational thoughts and actions,
Of making moral decisions and sticking to them.
Integrity is a soundness of moral principles and
character,
An uprightness and an honesty.
Responsibility and integrity are not things
Which are here today,
And tomorrow, gone, like the wind.
They are intangibles which must be cultivated
Like the growing wheat and carefully guarded
Throughout the stormy night of temptation.
And if these are done, and the wheat lives on
To raise its head and sway in the wind,
And shout to the world that it is there,
Then the cultivator gains and shares his gain
With a world made better by its share.
Student government is the cultivator;
Responsibility and integrity, the crop.
In speaking for student government,
I speak for the honor system;
The duty of each girl to be self-disciplined,
To be on her honor to do
That which is expected of her.
I speak of a study hall where each
Can do her work without disturbance;
A study hall without proctors guarding its
principles.
I speak of the classroom
From which a teacher may pass
With assurance that no outburst will follow;
For each girl is on her honor,
A trait stimulated by the honor system.
And when the girl is grown,
Able to face anything which confronts her
Because her character is strengthened
By responsibility, integrity, and honor,
She shall remember, and she shall say,
"I speak for student government."

Helen Cohen, Grade 12

Memories of a Horse

My first memories of my horse Bonnie date back to the time when I was four years old. She belonged to my father then, and he used to take me with him on short rides through our country neighborhood. I also have very pleasant memories of going to the barn with my father to feed her. I loved rolling in the sweet smelling hay and straw and watching the big horse eat.

Soon after this, the war forced my father to sell Bonnie. At the time, her leaving made no impression on me. I don't even remember it.

When Bonnie left us, she was bought by a farmer up the street. He liked her so well that soon he started taking in other horses as boarders.

When I was eleven or twelve, I began to read all the horse books I could find; and like most little girls of that age, I dreamed of someday owning my own horse. The summer of my twelfth year, I began frequenting the barn where Bonnie was kept, and pretty soon, since her owner had no time to ride her, I began exercising Bonnie for him. By this time there were many other horses there, but Bonnie was still my favorite.

One day several months later, I was bringing her back to the barn after a ride, when her owner asked me if I'd like her for my own. I was stunned. Could he be joking? It was too much like a fairy tale to be true. I soon realized, however, that he was serious. My legs never carried me home before as fast as they did that day. I soon persuaded my parents to allow me to take her, telling them that I would pay for her feed and care for her myself. The next week we brought her back to her old home.

Life took on a different meaning for me—I had something of my own to love and care for. As each season rolled around, I found many beautiful spots, accessible by horseback, that I had never seen before; the fragrance of the apple blossoms, the colorful autumn leaves, the snow on the tree branches—all meant more to me as I rode along untraveled paths. I have found that when I ride alone with my horse, so close to nature, I am able to think more clearly and straighten out many problems; but besides riding alone, I also love riding with other people and sharing these experiences. Barriers are broken down among horse lovers, and I have made many true friendships through my horse.

While providing a great deal of pleasure, Bonnie has also caused me many anxious moments, such as the time she broke out of her stall and ran back to her home up the street, dragging a hitching post with five inch spikes in it along with her. Her knee was so swollen from the nails hitting it, we thought that she might never walk soundly again. She recovered, however, and has given me many wonderful rides since that day.

In the near future, when I go to college, Bonnie will have to find another home. She is now 23 years old, but still as lively as most younger horses. She has given the members of our family many happy moments and memories, and I hope I will be able to find her an even better home than we have given her in which to spend her last years.

Lynne Ringwood, Grade 12

A Soldier

I awoke with the overwhelming feeling of terror that meant that danger was near, but a quick surveying glance around told me that my comrades were still sleeping soundly and all was quiet. Perhaps it was too quiet, but the feeling passed with a few deep breaths of the biting air. It was still dark with a few stars flashing brightly in the western sky, but the pale glow of pink on the eastern horizon told me that dawn was approaching rapidly.

By now I was used to sleeping on the hard ground in the numbing cold weather. That was the only thing about being a soldier that I was used to; all the rest was something that I couldn't understand, and most of the time I had even stopped trying. Perhaps if I weren't so young—but then, how can any man, though he live for a hundred years, understand the reason for fighting and destruction, the destruction of property and of human life?

My four months of concentrated military training had taught me many things, so many that my mind was filled with the technicalities of fighting a war, and through all the training the ever-present overtone that I was something special because I wore the uniform of the United States Marines. Maybe this was so I wouldn't be ashamed of some of the things a soldier has to do.

The only thing my training left out was the purpose for the fighting and killing. Oh, of course, I am defending my country to protect the democracy and the ones I love back home, but I mean the real reason, the reason that wars have been fought through the ages and will go on being fought for ages to come, the reason for the careless spilling of blood, the blood of good men and bad men alike, tall men and small men, of white men and black men. No life is spared except by chance. War does not choose its victims by any pattern. Those in the path of war are trampled down. No thought is given to the individual.

These were the last thoughts that ran in confusion through my brain that morning, for soon it was time to be up and ready for the work at

hand. The faces that surrounded me were familiar. I had been among them several weeks, a few of them for several months, and that is a long time in the business of war. It is funny how soldiers were leveled off so that their ages became the same, their backgrounds became the same, and they became almost the same person. Yet, none of these men were actually my good friends, though I knew nearly every one well, and we were all bound together by likeness of purpose and of daily living.

It is also funny how one can go through the motions of carrying out his special duties, simple or complicated as they may be, with almost automatic precision. The thinking part of the mind becomes void, and the acting part of the mind works almost unconsciously. So the day passed, and many followed it in the same manner.

The next thing I knew we were in real combat. There was no anxiety or fear beforehand. Maybe the place for fear had been eliminated in our training, or maybe combat was upon us so suddenly that the place for fear was eliminated by lack of time in which to exist.

I was lying flat on my stomach in the underbrush of a small hill. Beside me a few yards away were my buddies; ahead and slightly below was a mass of rocks and bushes which could be hiding the enemy. Suddenly the cold silence was broken by the sharp snap of a branch, and then I saw them, dozens of them running up the side of the hill, scrambling over boulders and ducking low. The men behind me opened fire and I clutched frantically for my gun. Now was the time. I knew that I had to kill, that if I didn't shoot, I would be shot. There he was, the one climbing over the ledge which wasn't more than ten yards away. He was the one to kill. I looked at his face once, then pulled the trigger. There was a loud report; after that were many reports.

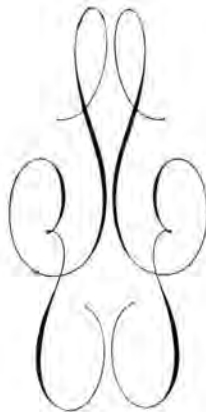
It was queer that in the split second in which I saw his face, I memorized it, feature by feature, line by line, and I knew then that its horrible spectacle would return before me many times, again and again, as if he had become a part of me in that split second. He was young, too, like me, and not a bit different in appearance from you or me. His face was kind under the hardened lines of concentration and anxiety. How odd it was that we should be foes. Who knows but what we would have been friends had we not met in that particular place at the particular time!

Now I am home, far away from fighting and killing, coldness and loneliness, cynicism, sarcasm and bitterness, hunger and thirst, exhaustion and blood, sickness and dying, and all the horrors that are a part of war. I am tired of all these things and thoughts, but I cannot forget them. They have eaten away at my soul until no matter how desperately I have tried to cast them from me, they have become a part of me, engulfing my mind and soul.

What has happened to me? Why am I a different person, a stranger to myself? Will this cheapening of human life never leave me? Perhaps not. Will love ever seep back into my twisted heart to replace all the hate and scorn, the grimness and despair, and above all the emptiness?

Maybe someday far from now, there will be no more war, no more killing of the body, and most dreadful of all, killing and torturing and crippling of the mind. I pray for this day because of the waste that war involves, the incomprehensible waste of time and money, property and men, men either killed or distorted in mind or body when they do return from the war.

Ruth Connor, Grade 12





OUR
SENIOR ALBUM



This has been quite a meeting (of Council)
Mary Lee Allen

Lee (not Mary), one of our more colorful girls, is initiative plus. A ski enthusiast, she admits that while the mountain did not come to Mahomet, the ski slopes do come right to her back door in Huntington Hills. She leaves them reluctantly except on Lake Placid weekends. Her ability at athletics made her the natural one to head the Athletic Association this year, a job she has handled well.

n'est-ce pas? J'ai aimé être dans la classe de français avec vous. Quel bel! Et



been ACTIVITIES of

Assemblies Committee 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Forum 1; Bell Ringer 3; Athletic Association 3, President 4; Chairman, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Operetta 3; Social Work 1, 2; Hourglass Literary Staff 3; Varsity Cheerleader 3; Student Council 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 4; Chairman Concessions Bazaar 1; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.

WELLESLEY! '61

I know you'll do a great job. Please excuse my french. Love, Ellen

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

much next year, not only in French but also in Social Service.

Ellen Mary Brown

A "shutterbug" from way back—she lives in Brighton—Pudy is the Photography Editor of the *Hourglass*. She has become adept at arranging schedules and handling the numerous details that appear when one least desires to see them. Pudy has been especially active in volunteer social work as well as having some hobbies that just bring forth a smile when we inquire about them.

ACTIVITIES

Library Committee 1; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Study Hall Committee 2; Hourglass Photography Staff 3, Editor 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Christmas Play 1, 3, 4; Table Setter 1, 3; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.



*Spring class has been
such fun with you as a
member. Best of luck to*

Judy has a younger sister and an active interest in music, especially in piano where her repertoire—all three pieces—is fully appreciated. Also an ardent singer, she is a member of St. Paul's Choir, and this year has been Chairman of the Music Committee. She is equally famous with the class for her numerous female parties, complete with crazy clothes and all the latest recordings.

*you next year as Chairman
of Social Service. Good
luck always -*

Judy

ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 2, 3; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Study Hall Committee 2; Music Committee 2; Operetta 3; Music Committee Chairman 4; Christmas Dance, Chairman Music Committee 4; Director Christmas Play 4; White Team. Five Years at Columbia.



"Centenary College" '59

SENIORS OF 1957

Joan Mary Cockcroft

The Senior with the far-away look in her eyes is Joanie, our daydreamer with the wavy brown hair and sparkling brown eyes. Whether she is dreaming of one of her trips to the land of Shakespeare or reliving her summers at Northway Lodge, where she is canoeing counselor, she never reveals. Her main hobbies are convincing the Seniors that there is just one way to pronounce "either" and "neither," and assuring herself that Mrs. Johnson buys French's mustard.

ACTIVITIES

Study Hall Committee 1; Social Work 3; Forum Moderator 1; Student Council 3, Secretary 4; Hourglass, Photography Staff 1, 2, 3; Forum 4; Blue Team. Fourteen Years at Columbia.





Helen Louise Cohen

Helen is a complex mixture of puns, free verse, tales about the rare bird, and sedate Student Council President. While the ivory tower she has at home does not have ivy twining around its base, she makes up for the lack by her collection of Ivy-League recordings. As well as possessing a fund of knowledge found in books, she also knows the answers to questions the girls ask her about her mother's shop.

Can't think of much to say, except that I never thought I'd make it! It's been tons of

ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 1, 3; Forum 1, 4; Student Council 2; Supply Closet 2, 3; Editor Sanddrift 3; Social Work 1; Operetta 3; Class President 2; Assistant Bell Ringer 3; President of Student Government Association 4; *Hourglass*, Business Staff 1, 2, 3, Literary Staff 4; White Team. Twelve Years at Columbia.

fun knowing you and I'm sure you'll do a great job as head of Social Service. The "bestest" of every-thing to ya. Love - Helen



Bryn Mawr '61

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Ruth Robinson Connor

"Girls, you must have your dates by Monday; the dance is Tuesday," quoth our harassed chairman of the invitations committee for the Christmas dance. Robbie has blue eyes, blond hair, a pert smile, and a white Chevy all her own. She can always be counted on to do her share, whether it is work or play.

ACTIVITIES

Student Council 1; Dress Committee 2; Social Work 2, 3, 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Sanddrift 4; Chairman Invitations Committee Christmas Dance 4; Operetta 3; Dramatic Club 4; Modern Dance Club 4; White Team. Four Years at Columbia.



Cobina Louise Cooley

Columbia's counterpart of Jose Iturbi is Cobey, the talented pianist who is headed for a musical career. At one time she had us all believing that her real name was Cobina-Louisa Maria Anna y Amada Cooley, although we wouldn't admit it. We know now that the preponderance of the ending letter was just a carry-over from using "A" to get everyone in tune. To which she would reply if we told her, "Oh, really?"

I will never forget the French classes this year, will you? If you are

ACTIVITIES

Music Committee 4; Dress Committee 3; Class President First Term 3; Dramatic Club 4; Chairman Publicity Christmas Play 4; Chairman Publicity Christmas Dance 4; Social Work 4; Blue Team. Two Years at Columbia.

taking French 4. May I wish you luck? Have a wonderful vacation and be good. Love,

Cobey

SENIORS OF 1957



Judith Edwards Fisher

"I'll be there in just a minute," is the by-word of the only Senior who can take twenty minutes to put her coat on. The brown-eyed, brown-haired Miss Fisher, who drives that Nash Rambler, is never a-foot but always "light-hearted" when she "takes to the open road." She has done an excellent job as manager of the year book, and in convincing a younger sister that freshmen have to exchange dances with senior sisters.

ACTIVITIES

Class President 1; Junior-Varsity Cheerleader 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Operetta 3; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 1, 2, 3, Business Manager 4; Forum 1; Student Council 2; Chairman, May Breakfast 2; Chairman, Spring Fling 3; Social Service Committee 1, 3; Chairman, Freshman Bazaar 1; Representative, Jr. Red Cross 3, 4; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.





Wanda Marilyn Geib

A giggle that could belong to no one else indicates that Wanda and her light blue Continental, which matches her eyes, aren't far off. A veritable storehouse for everything, she can produce rubber bands, safety pins, band-aids, stamps, sen sens, and even a manicure set. Her harp, which she occasionally brings to play for us, she leaves for Sam of light-hauling fame. Her enthusiastic participation in anything, in front of or behind the scenes, will long be remembered.



ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Invitation Committee Christmas Dance 3; House Committee 4; Welcoming Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 4; Operetta 3; U.N. Representative 4; White Team. Six Years at Columbia.

I know you'll do a wonderful job next year and I'll be looking forward to seeing you when I come back to visit. Good Luck, Edie.

Edith Barbara Gleason

Edie's subtle sense of humor has us wondering whether we should laugh or merely smile, especially in her book reports that begin with her praising the book and end with her enumerating all the reasons for not liking it. She enjoys playing the piano; and since she plays very well, we enjoy having her. Always a lady, Edie is as sweet as the day is long, and a bundle of fun as well.

ACTIVITIES

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 4; School ring and card salesman 4; Music Committee 3; Library Committee 4; Flower Committee Chairman, Bazaar 1; Spring Fling, Food Committee Chairman 3; Social Work 1, 2; Blue Team. Fourteen Years at Columbia.



Susan Joan Golemb

"But, Mamselle, I still don't understand what you mean," is almost an automatic response for Sue, who would have us believe the two don't speak the same language. She came to Columbia her sophomore year and has made her presence known ever since. Last year she gave us the memorable open house after the Spring Fling and then spent her summer as one of the girls who enthusiastically worked on a new project—the Monroe County Infirmary Club Room. She has kept busy this year as Senior Editor of the year book.

ACTIVITIES

Social Work 2, 3, 4; Christmas Dance, Chairman Finance Committee 4; Class Treasurer, First Term 2; Cast Christmas Play 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Publicity Chairman Christmas Play 3; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 3, Senior Editor 4; Operetta 3; Modern Dance Club 4; Blue Team. Three Years at Columbia.



SENIORS OF 1957



Hester Schuyler Hellebush

The thoughtful Senior with the rosy-red blush, wavy blond hair, and a graciousness that is all her own, also has a recreation room that she keeps ship-shape. Our "hostess with the mostest," Hetty livened the fall season for us with her U. of R. party. Always willing to help others, she is a faithful worker in her spare time.



ACTIVITIES

Social Work 1, 2, 3; Library Committee 2, 3, Chairman 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 3, Art Staff 4; Spring Fling, Decorations Committee Chairman 3; Graduation, Decoration Committee Chairman 3; Blue Team. Five Years at Columbia.



Linda Livingstone Henry

Linda is our Ivy-Leaguer with a difficult problem since neither the colors of a Princeton scarf nor of the Harvard crimson harmonize with her red convertible. She has done an excellent job in keeping the Activity Book and knows everything that everyone is doing outside of class. Her contagious smile goes with her heart of gold.



ACTIVITIES

Forum 3; Glee Club 3; Operetta 3; Social Work 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Keeper of Students' Activities Book 4; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 4; Modern Dance Club 4; Christmas Play 3; White Team. Three Years at Columbia.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Margaret Elizabeth Hodge

Mollie comes down from Strawberry Hill in her tan Volkswagen every morning full of life and ready for what the day may bring. She keeps a horse at home just in case she needs help climbing back up her hill. She has a photogenic profile and an intense interest in athletics, even enjoying the Beaches in the winter time.



ACTIVITIES

Cheerleader, Junior Varsity 1, Varsity 2; Glee Club 1, 3; Operetta 3; *Hourglass*, Business Staff 4; Representative to Safety Council 4; White Team. Four Years at Columbia.



Mary Margaret Huberlie

Bright-eyed and wide awake, in spite of late studying or trips to Yale, "Murph" is always ready for what the day may bring. As Chairman of the Assemblies Committee this year, she has provided some especially worth-while programs. Her pleasing soprano voice was one of the main reasons for the success of "H.M.S. Pinafore" last spring when she played the part of Cousin Hebe. Always doing the unusual, this year she took chemistry for one day.

ACTIVITIES

Student Council 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Study Hall Committee 2, 3; Forum 2; Operetta 3; Christmas Dance, Assistant Chairman 3, Chairman 4; Class Secretary, First Term 1, 3; Chairman, Assemblies Committee 4; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.



SENIORS OF 1957



Judith Ann Hudson

Judy, our internationally minded one, spent Freshman year in England, and this year spent a week observing the United Nations in action, as the winner of a Rotary sponsored U.N. contest. In school she does an excellent job as program chairman of the Dramatic Club, and also presenting strong political arguments in support of her favorite party.



ACTIVITIES

Assemblies Committee 4; Dramatic Club Play 1; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Hourglass, Business Staff 1; Social Service Committee 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, Program Chairman 4; Christmas Play 2; White Team. Seven Years at Columbia.



Martha Anne Hyndman

"Hey, kids, don't forget your money," followed by, "Do I look thinner? I've lost five pounds," signal the arrival of Marty every morning. Her answer to her question came with the Christmas play when she was in the cast of "Little Women." Having done social work at hospitals for several years, Marty is continuing in that field by entering college to study for a nurse.

Congratulations on your social chairmanship - I know you'll do a spectacular job. Best of luck



Best of ACTIVITIES
Varsity Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 3; Operetta 3; Forum 1; Student Council 2; Social Work 1, 2, 3, 4; Master Treasurer 4; Christmas Play 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hourglass, Business Staff 3; House Committee 3; Social Work 3, 4; Health Association Representative 3, 4; Magazine Drive, Co-Chairman 3, Chairman 4; White Team, Four Years at Columbia.

next year - and think about seniors for a college - it's really a great place - Love, Marty

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

It was great getting to know you this year. Be good and take care of Columbia for me in your senior year - it goes so fast!
Jane-Louise Kingston

Jane is one of our newest members, coming to us last year from Brighton. She is very much interested in hospital work, and after aiding at Strong Memorial for three years has fleeting visions of becoming a doctor. She is chairman of the Columbia Volunteer Service this year. Her other activities center around music and dramatics, her specialty being dramatic entrances to history class and assembly.

Good luck, Jane

ACTIVITIES

Social Work 3, 4; Social Service Committee 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Modern Dance Club 4; Scenery, Operetta and Christmas Play 3, 4; White Team, Two Years at Columbia.



WACKSON '61



Sue Nancy Lennox

Sue ("It's my real name") is quiet, very definitely a lady, and the class humorist. Auntie Sue, as we like to think of her, tells delightful tales of her little niece and makes us green with envy. She is especially interested in athletics and has done well as Captain of the Blue Team. Her big question is, "Who would like to play center forward?" She would be an addition to any class, and we are glad she is one of ours.



ACTIVITIES

Student Council 1; Supply Closet 1, 2; Social Work 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Blue Team Captain 4; Christmas Play 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Hourglass, Literary Staff 4; Athletic Association 4; Class President, First Term 1; Chairman Food Committee Bazaar 2; Blue Team. Seven Years at Columbia.



SENIORS OF 1957

Cornell '61



I hope you master abilities in typing help
Jonatha Allison Marsland

Joni, our commuter from Livonia, is an avid horse enthusiast, and manages also to raise rabbits, possibly for the purpose of exhibiting them in French class. If it's a question about horses or rabbits, an answer to a chemistry problem, or how to be Editor-in-Chief of the yearbook, ask Joni—she'll know.

you as Social Service Chairman next year. I can't quite see the connection between the two though! Oh well, lots of luck anyway.

ACTIVITIES

Assemblies Committee 2; Study Hall Committee 3; Forum 2, 4; U.N. Representative 3; Chairman Financial Committee Spring Fling 3; Student Council 4; Dramatic Club 4; Chairman Tickets Committee Bazaar 2; Hourglass, Literary Staff 2, Literary Editor 3, Editor-in-Chief 4; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.





Westminster College '61

Susan McCanne

Susan, who also answers to the name of Mack-Anne, is the envy of the class with her beautiful black hair and blue eyes. As chairman of the Dramatic Club, she knows all about school productions, but she can also tell you about a wonderful play she was in last summer in Canandaigua. If she isn't studying, look for her on the road in her jeep.

Don't even forget our "fantabulous" Latin classes!

I wish you the best with



ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 1; Head of Pound 3; Forum 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, President 4; Chairman Welcoming Committee Christmas Dance 4; Social Work 2, 3, 4; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 2; Chairman Photography Committee Bazaar 1; Table Setter 1, 2; Class Secretary-Treasurer 3; White Team. Four Years at Columbia.

The Social Welfare Committee. Keep Columbia the wonderful place it is. I know you'll really enjoy your senior year and wish it fly! Best of luck and love, Annie Q.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Patricia Caroline Newcomb

Patty is the class expert on such valuable subjects as men, the Ramblers, and ribbon candy. Her constant optimism helps to raise the morale of the class and has stood her in good stead as class president. Not everyone can receive applause for "flopping," but Patty gained that distinction for her part in the Christmas play.

ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 2, 3; Operetta 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Social Work 3, 4; Forum Moderator 3; Dress Committee 4; Class President 4; Cast, Christmas Play 4; *Hourglass*, Art Staff 4; White Team. Three Years at Columbia.

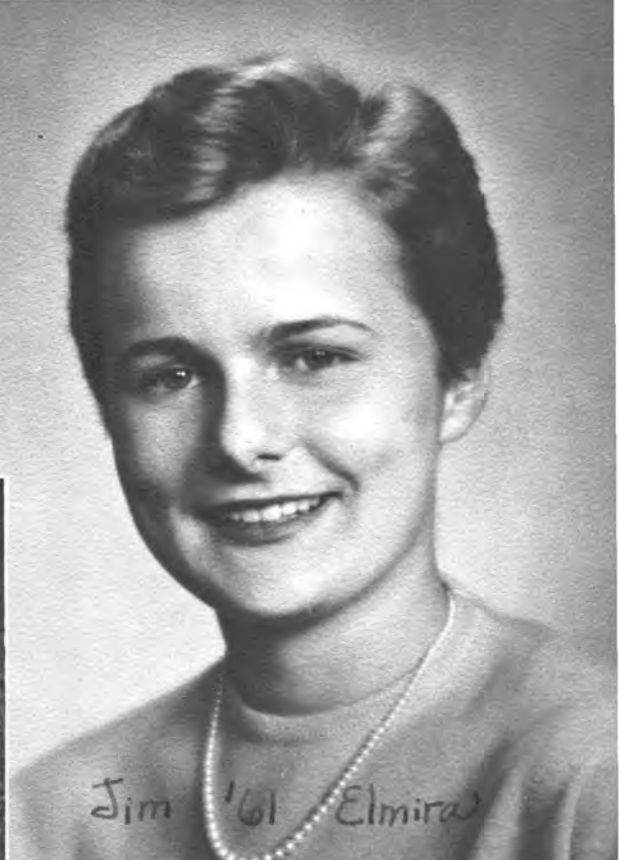


Betty Miriam Pease

Peasy is always on the go, and wherever she goes she brings smiles. She never tires of helping others and has made a fine head of the Social Service group. Coupled with her willing spirit is her artistic ability—"I'll make the posters." Peasy, who is everybody's pal, is fun to talk to, fun to be with; for, as she says, "I'm happy."

ACTIVITIES

Study Hall Committee 1; Supply Closet 1, 2, 3; *Hourglass*, Literary Staff 1, 4; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Pound, Assistant 2; Junior Red Cross Representative 3; Student Council 3, 4; Class President, First Term 2; Social Service Committee Chairman 4; Modern Dance Club 4; White Team. Eleven Years at Columbia.



SENIORS OF 1957

Wilson '61



Here's to a real snappy typer. Lynne Anita Ringwood We've had

The "Miss Smith Corona of 1957" is Lynne, whose typing ability was generously shown in the preparation of copy for the *Hourglass*. She headed up the House Committee this year constantly reminding us that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" and always willing to help in making it come true. During her two years here, she has won the respect and friendship of all.

so much in typing ~~this~~ year
Congratulations on the
social service Chairmanship.
Good luck in the

ACTIVITIES

Study Hall Committee 3; Dramatic Club Secretary 3; Class Secretary, Second Term 3; Chairman, Cleanup Committee, Spring Fling; Glee Club 3; Operetta 3; Forum 3; Chairman, House Committee 4; Student Council 4; Blue Team. Two Years at Columbia.

years to come.

Love,

Lynne





Harriet Kane Royer

Harriet, who spends her summers and many weekends at Canandaigua, was also a frequent boarder at the Residence until she persuaded her family to move to Rochester. This year she has used her spare time to advantage in editing the Sanddrift. She can be silent and thoughtful or gay and witty. If you want to start her talking, just mention "Finian's Rainbow" or New Haven.



ACTIVITIES

Forum 2, 4; Assemblies Committee 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Supply Closet 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Welcoming Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; *Hourglass*, Photography Staff 3; White Team Captain 4; Editor of Sanddrift 4; Athletic Association 4; Christmas Play 2, 3, 4; White Team. Thirteen Years at Columbia.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Adele Elizabeth Shepard

Adele, a talented art student, can often be found in the art room working on a new project or else supervising the art staff of the *Hourglass* and reminding them of the deadline that must be met. Her musical ability enables her to take part in talent assemblies where she delights Mrs. Simpson with her playing of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." She claims her chief interest is food, although her figure belies the claim.

ACTIVITIES

Hourglass, Literary Staff 1, Art Staff 2, 3, Editor 4; Chairman of Properties Christmas Play 4; Social Work 1, 2, 4; Sanddrift 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 4; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.



Wanda Lou Smith

Wanda has been Secretary-Treasurer of the class this year, and her cheery smile has enabled this gold-digger to get money out of those claiming to be the most penniless. In December, she decided her favorite song was "The Bells of St. Mary, oh hear they are calling," and had a brief sojourn there for an appendectomy. A "Lady of the Lake," Charlotte of course, she keeps informed on all the Ontario happenings.

*Our typing latine
scholar, good*

ACTIVITIES

Forum 3; Chairman Finance Committee Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Secretary-Treasurer 4; Dramatic Club 2; Glee Club 2; Hourglass, Literary Staff 3; Social Work 2, 3, 4; Blue Team. Three Years at Columbia.

*luck and have
fun next year*

*Love,
Wanda*



SENIORS OF 1957

Photo
cut
out

Penelope Farley Todd

The Senior who first received her license and that which goes with it—a car—is Penny, who is most generous in being the class chauffeur. The vocabulary of art teachers never fails to puzzle her. "Would you please spell that, Mr. Melenbacker?" What is home without an attic? Penny can tell you as she fears she is the only Senior whose house is without one. Some day we may find out what lofty ambition she would realize if she had a house with one.

ACTIVITIES

Chairman, Decorations Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Study Hall Committee 4; Chairman, Decorations Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Chairman, Sets Committee, Christmas Play 4; White Team. Six Years at Columbia.





Margery Ann Whitaker

Margie, as Chairman of the Dress Committee, has helped to keep the school uniform. She is another Senior devoted to Canandaigua doings in the summer and shows us what good times are held there by her annual class party. Her chief concern is for people, as her four years doing volunteer hospital work show, as well as her efficient handling of behind-the-scene's tasks here. We especially like her bringing fifteen samples of punch flavoring before the Christmas party reminding us of her punch line, developed, no doubt, by her Dramatic Club membership.



ACTIVITIES

Glee Club 2, 3; Social Work 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 3; Chairman, Food Committee, Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Hourglass Photography Staff 1, 3; Christmas Play 2, 3; Chairman, Dress Committee 4; Chairman, Food Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Chairman, Costume Committee, Christmas Play 4; White Team, Six Years at Columbia.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL

Best of luck next year. I know you'll have a great Social Service Committee. Come and see me next year at

Skidmore '61

Joan Marie Youngman Skidmore. I'll really miss those

Joanie rushes into home room in the morning apparently so she can rush right out again to attend her many responsibilities. She so obligingly believes all that we tell her that, as we watch her hurrying by, we can safely say, "There Gullible travels." Vice-President of Student Council, Chairman of Study Hall Committee, Joan is also a Boola-Boola girl and loves to talk about her Yale week ends.

delightful speech classes. Have fun this summer. Love ya, Joanie

ACTIVITIES

Dress Committee 1; Cheerleader, Junior Varsity 1; Varsity 2, 3; House Committee 2; Forum Moderator 2; Social Work 1, 2, 3; Chairman Entertainment Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Christmas Play 2, 3; Sand-drift 3; Class Secretary 2; Class President Second Term 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Chairman Study Hall 4; Chairman, Date Committee, Christmas Dance 4; Student Council 3; Vice-president 4; Chairman Concessions Bazaar 2; Blue Team. Four Years at Columbia.



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cut
out

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1957

From little acorns mighty oaks grow, and in like manner the sixty-sixth graduating class of Columbia School has developed. Back in the dim past—1943 to be exact—Edie Gleason, Harriet Royer, and Joan Cockcroft were the acorns who gladdened the hearts of Mrs. Simpson and Miss Skillin when they enrolled to begin their education at Columbia. Betsy Pease and Helen Cohen then, desiring to make the existence of the boys in the first grade more enjoyable, entered in 1946; and from this nucleus has come the thirty members of the class today. Gradually widening their knowledge, they met Mamselle in the fifth grade when she had the honor of proctoring their study halls, and with the addition of Judy Hudson and Sue Lennox made the satisfying discovery in the sixth grade that bells without clappers are noiseless.

The seventh grade brought Penny Todd, Margie Whitaker, Wanda Geib, Cobey-Lou Cooley, admission to the Upper School with its different uniform, and the impressive new experience of honor study halls. The next year Hetty Hellebush and Judy Cann arrived to help organize a library of Nancy Drew mysteries and horse stories.

Freshman year meant attending the dances, going to Lake Placid, and helping with the Harvest Bazaar in addition to becoming more serious about classes, and presenting a Forum in Assembly. By this time the class had become the largest in the school, their ranks swelled by Mary Huberlie, Molly Hodge, Martha Hyndman, Robbie Connor, Lee Allen, Judy Fisher, Joan Youngman, Joni Marsland, Ellen Brown, Adele Shepard, and Sue McCanne. Lake Placid for the second time helped to remove some of the misery of mid-year exams during the sophomore year, and was to be remembered by those girls who returned with colorful souvenirs of a memorable hockey game. Linda Henry, Sue Golemb, Wanda Smith, and Patty Newcomb had arrived in September to share in the experience. This year also brought the coveted Forum Plaque to the class, and a geometry course that introduced duodecahedrons.

With the arrival of Lynne Ringwood and Jane Kingston to start the junior year, the class enrollment was complete with thirty members. Supervising the Spring Fling, the Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet, and the Graduation Dance was an introduction to the responsibilities facing them as Seniors.

Rare was the Senior who was seen without a copy of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary* or a worried look on her face prior to January 12 and the SAT tests. Little relief was in sight with mid-years looming ahead to be followed by March and the College Boards and June with its finals.

But June did arrive and each problem, taken one at a time, was successfully met. As this history closes, the class is preparing for graduation—an event that means the girls will no longer be Seniors but Freshmen, ready to experience an exciting new adventure in education, always growing and always being of service. It is with a tinge of regret that they leave Columbia for they realize that their years have been invaluable and will never be duplicated.



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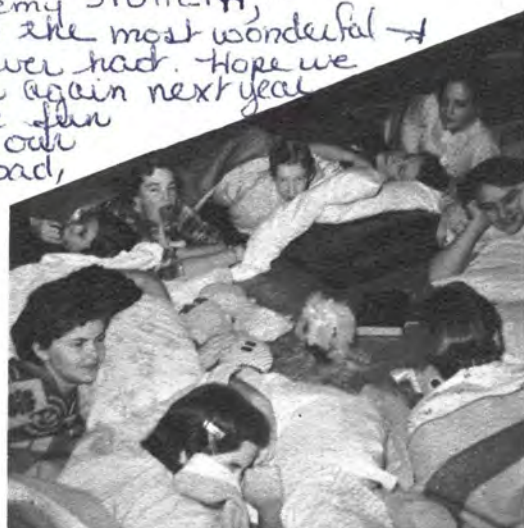
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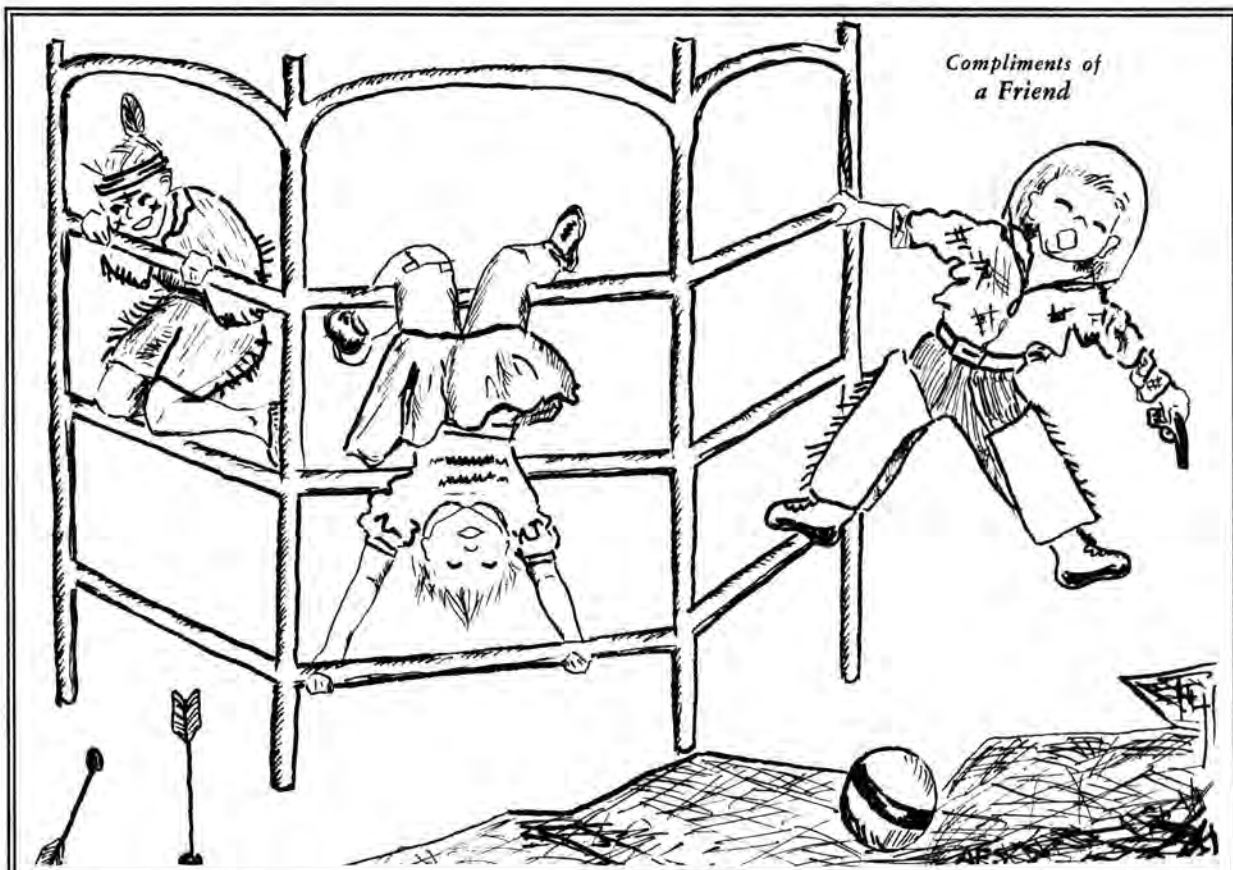
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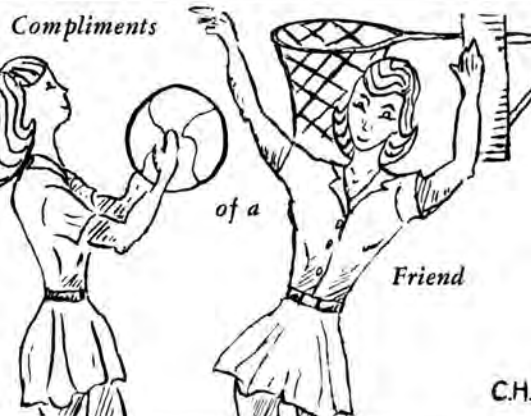
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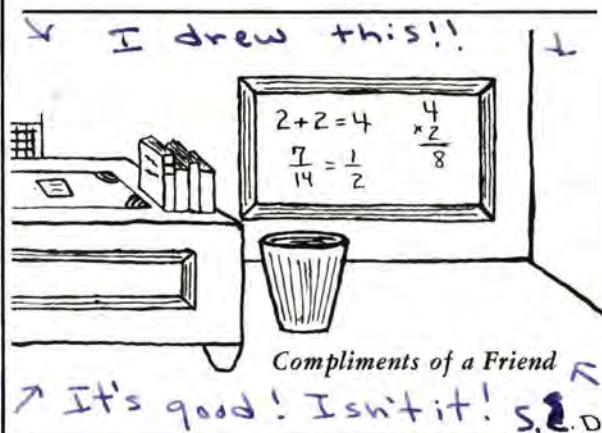
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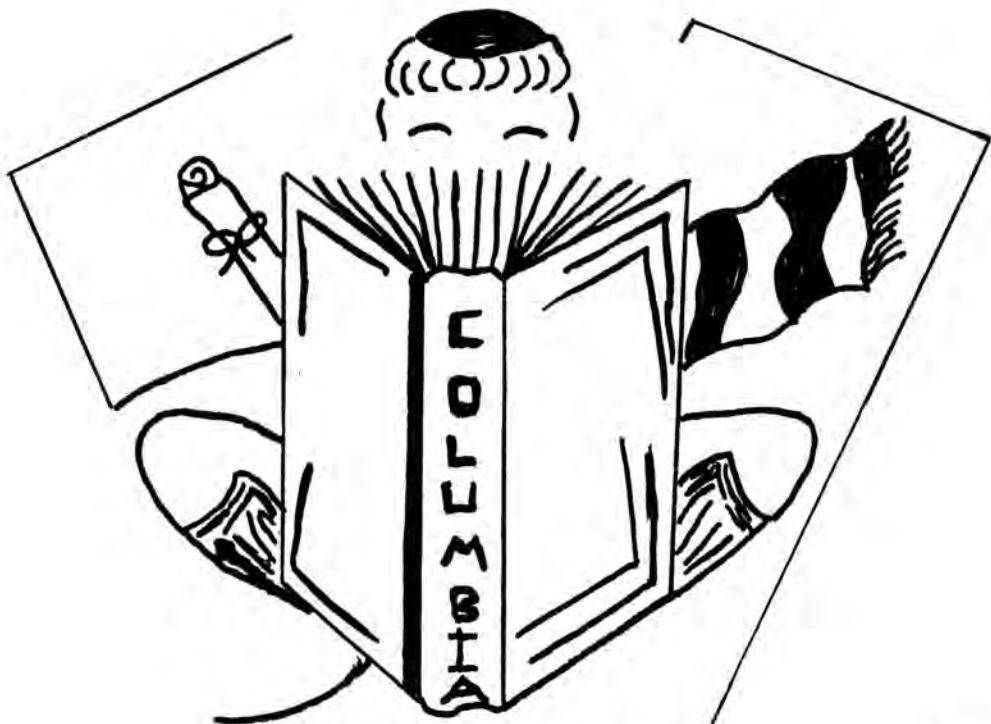
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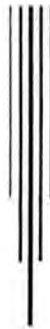
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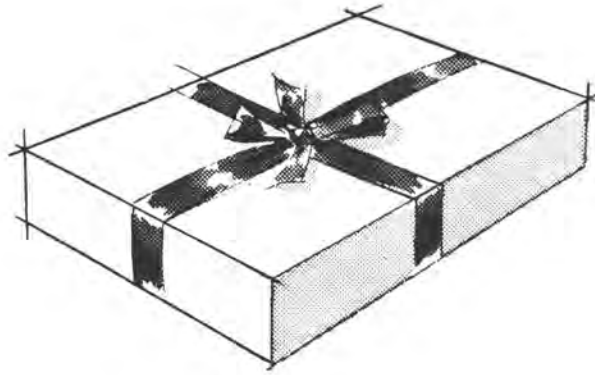
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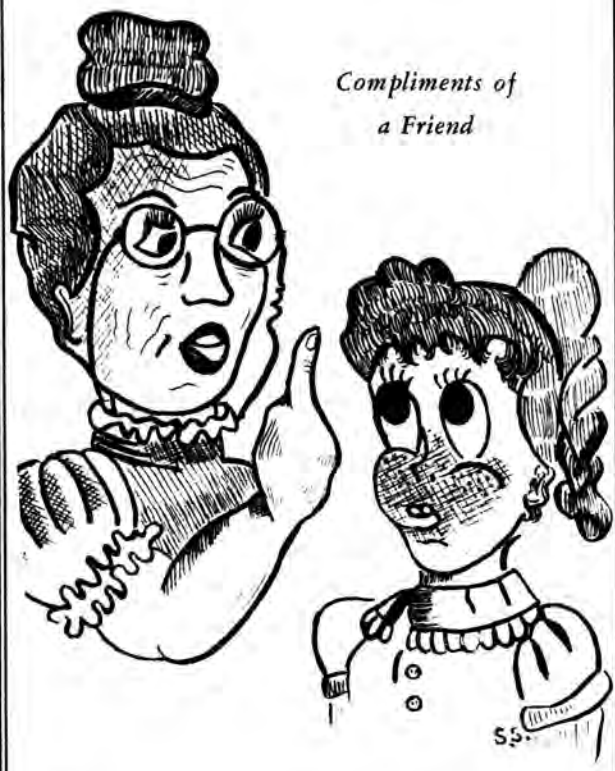
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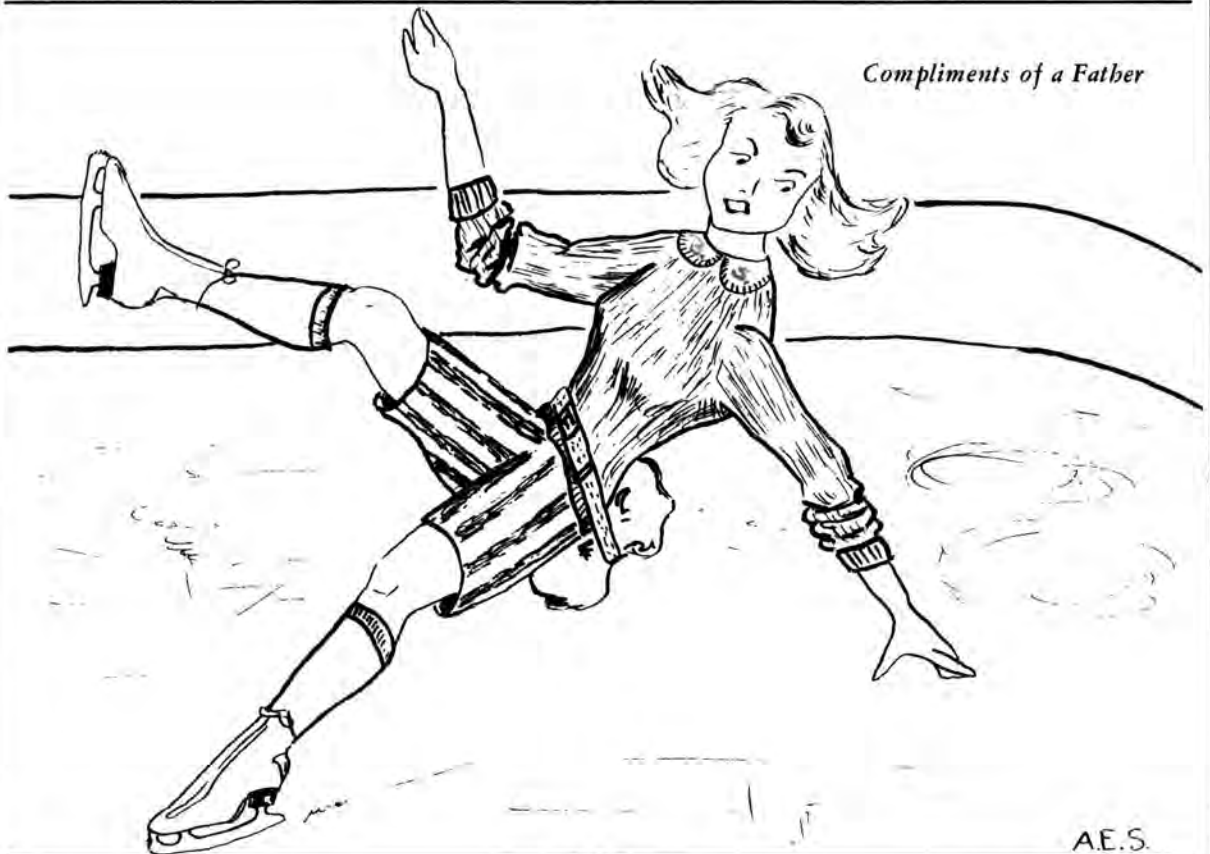
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